evidence of *beauty* in the city There were horse trarns instead of cable cars, but a quarter of a century has not altered the peculiarly dilapidated carriages in which one drives from the dock, the muddy side-walks, and the cavern-ous holes in the cobble-paved streets. Had the elevated railway, the first sign of *power* that one notices after leaving the boat, begun to thunder through the streets ? I cannot remember New York without it.

I missed then, as I miss now, the numberless *hansoms* of London plying in the streets for hire. People in New York get about in the cars, unless they have their own carriages. The hired carriage has no reason for existing, and when it does, it celebrates its unique position by charging two dollars (8s.) for a journey which in London would not cost fifty cents (2s.) !

I cried for two hours at the Hotel Dam ! Then my companion, Miss Harries, came bustling in with : " Never mind 1 here's a piano ! " and sat down and played " Annie Laurie " very badly until I screamed with laughter. Before the evening came rny room was like a bower of roses, and my dear friends in America have been throwing bouquets at me in the same lavish way ever since. I had quite cheered up when Henry came to take me to see some minstrels who were performing at the Star Theatre, the very theatre where in a few days we were to open. I didn't understand many of the jokes which the American comedians made that night, but I liked their dry, cool way of making them. They did not "hand a lemon'[1] or " skiddoo " in those days; American slang

changes as quickly as thieves' slang, and only " Gee! " and "Gee-whiz!" seem to be permanent.

There were very few theatres in New York when we first wait there. All that port of the city which is now " tip town " did not exist, and what was then " up " is